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139

MORRISON

JIMENEZ

LANNING

NEW X-MEN®

MURDER AT THE MANSION

1 OF 3

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Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom. Homo superior.

Stan Lee presents...

NEW X-MEN®

MURDER AT THE MANSION 1 OF 3
"SHATTERED"

CYCLOPS
Optic Blasts

EMMA FROST
Telepath

JEAN GREY
Telepath

WOLVERINE
Healing, Adamantium Claws

BEAST
Super Strength, Agility

XORN
Healer

PREVIOUSLY

THE X-MEN are a worldwide team of mutant volunteer workers gifted with new evolutionary talents. They are a rescue and emergency force on the frontline of the genetic battlefield of the 21st Century. Founded and financed by the brilliant telepath PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, the X-Men are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them. But at the XAVIER INSTITUTE—X-Men headquarters and a school founded to teach young mutants how to use their powers responsibly—a new threat has surfaced from within.

While events at the XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING have settled down a bit following the recent "riot" it suffered, the same can't be said for three of its X-Men ...

For several months, SCOTT SUMMERS and EMMA FROST have been carrying on a psychic affair, a secret which has remained hidden between the unlikely couple... until now. JEAN GREY-SUMMERS, Scott's wife, has discovered her husband's mental infidelity, and now demands to know the truth. Will Scott and Emma be able to withstand the unbridled wrath of Jean Grey, the human host of the all-powerful, cosmic Phoenix force entity?

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I *knew* I'd find my husband here in your head, Emma.

Jean?

It's not real...it's just *thoughts*...

Scott, shut up.

You! You think this is *funny?*

Well, you have to agree I look rather *good* in these old rags of yours, dear.

But I can think myself into something a little more *up-to-date* if you'd like.

Jean...

It's *not* what you think...

It's *exactly* what I think.

Out!

UHH!

You look dazed, Mister Summers.

Did Miss Frost throw you out of her thoughts?

She's *like* that.

JEAN!!

We think you're wasting your time, you know.

She won't speak to *us*, either.

Mrs. Grey-Summers doesn't like Miss Frost ***one bit.***

It looks like there's going to be ***trouble.***

Adult stuff.

We're glad that school is over for the summer...

... sometimes you can learn just *too much.*

Jean?

Oh, what are you up to *now?*

?

OPEN THIS DOOR, JEAN!

Scott shook off possession by an evil spirit called *En Sabah Nur*...

... nothing like that *ever happened* to him before, Emma.

You have no right to *exploit* his confusion.

I don't know what you're *talking* about, Jean.

He came to me in a state of utter *desolation*, possessed by nothing more than the drab horror of his empty *marriage*.

Among my other achievements, I'm a qualified *sex therapist*...

Really?

You just can't help *ruining* everything, can you?

Your *"Road to Damascus"* moment, the big change of heart when you decided to join the X-Men, had absolutely *nothing* to do with *altruism*, did it ?

It was all about causing *trouble*, as usual.

Just you and me, Emma.

Turn around and look at me!

You and me and the PHOENIX.

What's *happening* here, Scott?

I've done something *stupid,* Professor Xavier...

... Emma and I did something stupid.

And Jean's holding the door closed with her *telekinesis.*

I can feel such stress and pain here...like *gravity* bending space.

Scott, my friend... how can we *help?*

I don't *need* any more help, Xorn. I asked *Emma* to help me and...

... and it turned into some kind of *affair.*

We've been telepathically sharing these *thoughts,* and now...and now Jean's *found out.*

But it's just *thoughts,* isn't it? It's...

... I actually don't know why it feels so *wrong...*

I don't know *what's* wrong and what's right anymore.

Scott.

Jean is undergoing a radical *psychic transformation...* this *"Phoenix potential"* she's accessing has reserves of power on a *cosmic* scale!

We cannot risk *angering* that power!

I don't *care* about the Phoenix.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS!

Jean, be *reasonable,* dear.

You really *don't* know your own strength, and you can be inclined to shocking *violence...*

I know *exactly* what I'm doing, Emma.

Boston?

You have *no* right to come in here uninvited!

GET OUT OF MY THOUGHTS!

I'm not *in* your thoughts anymore, Emma -- you're enfolded in *mine.*

This is your *memory* of where you grew up, isn't it?

What's it to *you?*

Who do you think you *are* to do this to me?

I'm the *wife* of the man you've been *seducing,* Emma.

And to tell the truth, this memory means *nothing* to me, but it seems pretty important to *you.*

I wonder *why.*

You left me in a *mental hospital* the *last* time you smashed your way into my thoughts!

Your pacifist posturing hides a playground *bully*, Jean Grey!

Shut *up*, Emma!

I *promise* I won't throw big lightning bolts of psychic electricity at you this time.

But the fire of the Phoenix burns *through* lies, you understand?

The gaze of the Phoenix is like an *X-ray* tearing through every self-deception.

So *burn*, Emma.

Jean, *listen* to yourself! Don't *do* this.

I've been having a difficult time recently ... everything in my life has *changed*.

I'm trying to be *honest* with you...

DON'T HURT ME LIKE THIS!

Don't bring me back here ...

That's your father?

I know I'm wasting my time with *Christian* over there, so let's see how the *remaining* heirs to the throne live up to my expectations...

Which of you can I trust to steer our fortunes safely into the future, hmm?

Will it be you, Cordelia? Should I pass my kingdom into your subtle, dark and devious hands?

Or should it be Adrienne? Heartless, brilliant Adrienne seems the obvious choice...

:Tt:

...but then there's Emma. Rebellious little Emma.

Yes, it's true -- I had cosmetic surgery.

What's it to you?

That's not what I'm looking at.

It's what's going on beneath all this.

Your mother's barely conscious -- I can feel three different prescription tranquilizers.

Addiction seems to run in the family.

Along with a fear of your father.

My brother Christian didn't stay a user.

No, he went insane.

Stop this.

But what about you, Emma?

Emma.

Rebellious little Emma.

Yes.

Yes, I remember Adrienne gasping suddenly as the horrible truth she'd denied was *revealed*...

Second best.

Poor Daddy ... after all those years, he was finally telling me he *cared* in the only way he knew how.

He was giving me a chance to *shine*. An opportunity to prove my *worth*.

So I looked him in the eye and said...

I think I'll make my *own way*.

I had four hundred dollars in a savings account.

I decided to start from the bottom.

Why am I telling you all this?

You're not. It's just happening that way.

The Hellfire Club was hiring *dancers*, and since I could make men see whatever I *wanted* them to see, my graceless efforts were automatically declared a modern *dance of the seven veils* by mesmerized onlookers at my audition.

Dear *Sebastian*... he thought he was in charge. He thought I was absolutely besotted with him... completely misreading my desire for a brilliant, ruthless father substitute as *love*.

Together we seized control of the club from *Buckman* and that old tart *Paris Seville*.

And you set about building your empire of mutants...

To which end, I became exactly what Sebastian *wanted*... the Ice Queen, the dominatrix from hell...

... and I watched how he did business. I learned how simple and predictable the desires of *men* can be.

Which is absolutely *NONE* OF YOUR *BUSINESS!*

Scott came to me because he couldn't *talk* to you about his feelings!

Because the truth is you *don't know* what ordinary feelings are any more!

You're not human at *all* now-- are you, Jean?

What's in there where *you* used to be?

Emma, do you honestly think you can protect yourself against *this?*

You think you can do what you *like,* but I *know* what haunts your every waking hour, Emma Frost...

... stop *hiding* from me.

Something *happened* in Hong Kong.

Show me what happened between you and Scott in *Hong Kong.*

Now, Emma... or I'll make you *relive* the life of every single child you've allowed to *die.*

All my students...

...don't make me look.

I couldn't sleep after the traumas of the day...

Uh?

...tell me more about the world of chastity, Scott.

No, none for me... I...

... I don't really drink much, Emma.

You must forgive this absolutely appalling *cat pee*... not *my* choice, but the bellboy's.

I had no *idea* life with the X-Men would be so *racy*-- Logan and Domino are making farmyard noises together even as we speak.

And here you and *I* are... two lonely souls with so much in common...

... here's to *l'amour*.

Oh... excuse me, Scott...

... I thought this was *real*, but it's just a memory.

I have to *go* now...

I have to go now...

You have *no right* to judge me, Jean.

I *loved* those children. I wanted them to be independent and strong and--

You're *way* out of line, Jean.

If you want to know what happened between Emma and me in Hong Kong--

--read *MY* mind!

...so anyway, this bad guy *En Sabah Nur* wound up worming his way into my thoughts... even when I threw him off, I couldn't stop thinking all this *awful* stuff...

...I mean, people like Jean and the Professor just *shrug* this kind of thing off like it's some occupational hazard. It's hard to talk to them.

And only *you* could use the words *"bad guy"* to describe a murderous, disembodied consciousness, dear.

So all you're saying is that some mind monster put a lot of dirty thoughts in your head and you're embarrassed in case your telepathic wife sees what you're *really* thinking about her?

Oh Scott, how *ordinary!*

Why can't you just give up your place on the Olympic *suffering* team and relax with some wine and adultery?

Emma, I'm serious about the whole celibacy thing.

It's Jean or nothing.

But they were *thinking* about it-- they were *thinking* about it the whole time!

Jean, I'm hoping this is only *jet lag...*

"The Phoenix has come to disinfect the planet...."

Those were your words earlier!

What does that *mean?* What can this force make you do next...?

I don't need *lectures,* Charles.

Scott is my *husband!*

Jean, let me try to talk--

I'm not sure I *understand* this turmoil.

Ah, you'll get *used* to it, bub.

Summers took the *bike* I've been working on for months and I *know* he's gonna wreck it...

Oh, dear lord.

Not the search for Cyclops *again...*

Emma?
Hey, it's me.
You okay?
Yes, I'm fine, Logan.
Thank you.
Jean had a little rummage around in my mind and knocked a few things over.
She can *do* that... she's *more* than just a telepath... she sees right through us and gets to decide whether we're innocent or guilty.
Like a judge and jury.
I *hate* this awful place and these ugly, repressed people.
Come on, darlin'...
...it's not so bad... but you shoulda known better than to get between Jeannie and Slim, trust me.

Still... nice try.

I know...

...I know he lies beside her at night without touching her...I know she sees what he's thinking and despises him for his weakness... I know she's so ***pure*** and their love is so ***special,*** Logan...

...and I'm so shallow...

...and spiteful...and... manipulative...

I know because she saw right ***through*** me. She saw the truth and I had no defense...

... and she ***knows,*** too.

Why did I allow myself to become so stupid and vulnerable, Logan?

Why did I have to fall in love with Scott bloody Summers?

The Xavier Institute. Later.

Euridice! Ah, non m'avvanza

Più socorso, più speranza

Ne dal mondo, ne dal cel.

Emma?

C'est moi!

La bete!

Emma... it's *Henry.*

Logan said you were pretty ***down*** so I brought that book I was telling you about and--

Oh my.

SHATTERED

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To be continued...